



A sad and deplorable loving Elegy consecrated to the living memory of his best assured friend, the generally beloved, *M. Richard Wyan* deceased, late his Majesties Proctor for the high Court of the Admiralty. Who departed this life at his house at Brylin Buckinghamshire, on thursday the 16. of August last. 1638.

IT may be good to live, but well to live
Is such a Good, as few men can Achieve:
The more we live, the more we do offend,
The way to Heav'n's a good and speedy end:
Th' Almighty Landlord (who doth all things sway,
Doth let mans Soule a Tenement of clay,
And Man is no Free-holder, but is still
A Tenant only at the Landlords will.
They are but Leases, till our Lives expire,
And *thanks* is all the Rent God doth require.
And such a one was He, of whom I write,
Wholiv'd as ever in His makers sight:
Who day and night did *humbly* pay *his* rent
Of *thanks* and *praise* for *his* fraile Tenement.
Not only words, but reall deedes declar'd
His love, His zeale, obedience and regard
He ow'd to God and Man, to each degree
His Heart, *his* Hand, *his* pen and purse were free.
The poore mans Patron in distressed state,
The rich mans patterne, how to imitate.
Religion was His Pilot, and did steere
His course of life, and all *his* actions here.
With courage daily he did *Death* defie,
His heart was fix'd on immortality;
And one good precept, never he forgot,
To use the World, as if hee us'd it not.
Wherefore th' Almighty (in His gracious Doome,)
Hath pluck'd *him* hence, from ills that are to come.
The poore *have* greatest losse, *they* weeping know,
He would not say *God helpe*, but *help'd their woe*.
The State hath lost a Servant of great Trust,
His friends have lost a friend assured, just.
His vertuous wife and children, great and small,
Brother and sisters, Kin, in generall
Have all receiv'd a losse, so great that we
Can never hope that it repair'd shalbe.
But I have lost a friend, beyond a brother,
For I nere had, nor shall have such another.
But here's our comfort, though grim *Death* assail'd *him*,
His *Faith*, *his* *trust*, and *confidence* nere fail'd *him*:
And though we all have lost *him*, God hath found *him*,
And with eternall happinesse hath crown'd *him*.

John Taylor.